

G E O R G I A,

A P O E M.

T O M O C H A C H I,

A N O D E.

A Copy of Verses on Mr. OGLETHORPE'S
Second Voyage to GEORGIA.



----- *Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen.*



L O N D O N:

Printed: And Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*

M D C C X X X V I.

[Price One Shilling.]

G E O R G I A

A P O E M

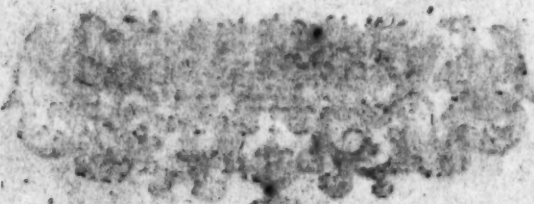
T O M O C H A C H I

A N O D E

A Copy of Verses on Mr. Oglethorpe's
Second Voyage to Georgia



Printed by J. Oglethorpe, in New York.



L O W D O W

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[Price One Shilling]



G *E* *R* *G* *I*

P *O* *E* *M*.

----- *Plures in Pace Triumphi.*

WHILST *Europe* round us pants with dread
Alarms,
And mourns her total Continent in Arms,
Alone *Britannia*, uninvolv'd in Woes,
Enjoys a steady Calm, and sweet Repose.
Her Monarch, Great and Good, pursues an Aim
Beyond what wild Ambition knows to frame:
'Tis His, in Glory's genuine Paths to move,
And rule despotick in his People's Love;
For them no Toil to shun, no Danger fear,
And plan their Welfare with unwear'd Care,
Of Wealth and Joy to open ev'ry Spring,
And still to join the Father with the King.

Yet

Yet O! thus happy as he shines confest,
 His People blessing, by his People blest,
 He grieves to hear the neighb'ring Nations' Moan,
 And mourns the Wounds of Subjects not his own.
 Hence hostile Pow'rs his kind Persuasions hear,
 And Discord slackens in her mad Career.
 He speaks, and Armies in each other's Sight,
 Restrain their Rage, and hesitate to fight;
 Conscious that He at last can turn the Scale,
 And send his Thunder where his Counsels fail.

Thus when fair *Lisbon* views by his Command,
 The *British* Navy speeding to her Strand,
 Her Succour entring with the friendly Tide,
 And in her Port our floating Bulwarks ride;
 Instant she flights whate'er the Foe design'd,
 And gives her anxious Terrors to the Wind:
 Her Frontiers dread the threat'ning Hosts no more,
 And hostile Fleets glide harmless by her Shore;
 Forgetful of the Spoil, in Haste they fly,
 Whilst Gold and Diamonds pass unheeded by.
 Safe their full Freight *Brasilia's* Carracks bear,
 The promis'd Wealth, and Harvest of the Year,
 Amaz'd what Pow'r unknown dissolves their Fright:
 And now their great Deliverers in Sight,
 At once the Streamers fly, the Salvo roars,
 And *Tagus* triumphs from his echoing Shores.

With

With such Surprise and Joy the *Trojans* gaz'd,
 Snatch'd from the Storm which restless *Juno* rais'd,
 When in the midst of Horror and Despair,
 The Gloom was scatter'd, and the Day was fair:
 'Twas then his Head the Sea's great Sov'reign rear'd,
 (The Sea subside'd as the God appear'd)
 He bade the Winds and Waves their Rage forego,
 And sav'd the *Trojan* Flota from the Foe.

Well then, Great PRINCE, since other Nations share
 Such happy Fruits of thy protecting Care,
 Well thy own *Britons*, far as Oceans roll,
 May range from Sun to Sun, from Pole to Pole.
 Thy Arts are still dissever'd Realms to bind,
 To aid, to better, to exalt Mankind;
 To bid rich Commerce all her Rights enjoy;
 To give the Hand of Industry Employ;
 To plant the Colony, to rear the Town,
 With smiling Plenty the wild Waste to crown;
 By Reason's Rules the Savage to improve,
 To awe by Kindness, to subdue by Love,
 And shew, performing the Creator's Will,
 There's something more Heroick, than to Kill.

See where beyond the spacious Ocean lies
 A wide waste Land, beneath the Southern Skies!
 Where kindly Suns for Ages roll'd in vain,
 Nor e'er the Vintage saw, or rip'ning Grain;

Where all things into wild Luxuriance ran,
 And burden'd Nature ask'd the Aid of Man;
 In This sweet Climate, and prolifick Soil,
 He bids the eager Swain indulge his Toil;
 In free Possession to the Planter's Hand
 Consigns the rich uncultivated Land:
 Go you, the Monarch cries, Go, settle there;
 Whom *Britain* from her Plenitude can spare:
 Go, your old wonted Industry pursue,
 Nor envy *Spain* the Treasures of *Peru*.

Still has it been the gen'rous *Briton's* Praise,
 To rise to worthy Ends by worthy Ways;
 To form for Use what Nature's Bounties yield;
 To fix the Staple, or to till the Field;
 To Life's essential Arts their Cares confine,
 And earn the Gold while Others dig the Mine.

But well to execute the glorious Plan,
 Each Ill to obviate, and each Need to scan;
 To waft the chosen Band in Safety o'er,
 And fix th' Adventurer on his promis'd Shore;
 To watch the various wayward Turns of Fate,
 And guard with Parent Arms the Infant State:
 Who shall for This their private Cares postpone,
 And make the universal Cause their own?
 Behold a List of Patriots, wise and just,
 Glow for the Work, and court the Godlike Trust!

Illustrious

Illustrious Souls! by Principle combin'd,
 Lovers of Virtue, Friends of Human Kind,
 Whose Actions all in one sweet Tenor move,
 Whose Views are Mercy, and whose Life is Love.
 These, these assume the delegated Care,
 And first to GEORGE prefer their dutious Pray'r:
 O grant, nor other Auspicy we claim,
 To grace the Country with our Sov'reign's Name!

But not content in Counsel Here to join,
 A farther Labour, *Oglethorpe*, is thine:
 In each great Deed thou claim'st the foremost Part,
 And Toil and Danger charm thy gen'rous Heart:
 But chief for This thy warm Affections rise,
 For Oh! thou view'st it with a Parent's Eyes:
 For this thou tempt'st the vast tremendous Main,
 And Floods and Storms oppose their Threats in vain,
 Till Thee the first, their wish'd-for Shore possess,
 Thy Voyagers behold before the rest
 Spring to the Beach; each Heart with Ardor glows,
 And from That happy Æra GEORGIA rose!

And now to Heav'n their just Devotions paid,
 For past Deliv'rance, and for future Aid,
 All with one Voice the needful Task demand,
 And long to build the Town, and clear the Land.
 Not more intent their busy Labours ply
 The swarming Bees beneath the vernal Sky;

When

When yet unhous'd their fragrant Cells they found,
 And seize on all the flow'ry District round.
 Instant at Work a thousand Hands appear,
 These fell the Trees, and these the Fabricks rear;
 The vigorous Ax resistless wins its Way,
 And bids th' eternal Woods admit the Day:
 A sprightlier Scene succeeds the awful Shade,
 And distant Landships open thro' the Glade;
 The sunny Hills afar, and prostrate Plains,
 Invite the Labours of the lusty Swains;
 Their Annual Stores already seem possess'd,
 And future Harvests wave in ev'ry Breast.

Mean time their Leader, Stranger to Repose,
 Looks round, and guards against impending Foes:
 Thro' distant Nations traverses the Land,
 And bears the peaceful Olive in his Hand;
 Makes various States his friendly Terms embrace,
 And binds in Social Leagues the Savage Race:
 Their hoary Chiefs the youthful Heroe greet,
 And lay their homely Presents at his Feet;
 Aw'd by his Wisdom, by his Sweetness won,
 They bow submissive to the *British* Throne;
 Each Heart its voluntary Homage pays,
 And owns the mighty Monarch He obeys.
 Pleas'd with plain Nature, yet concern'd to find
 How faint the Sallies of th' unaided Mind;

He

He meditates to clear their glimmering Ray,
 And guide bewilder'd Reason on its Way;
 Heaven's Will reveal'd to teach them to explore,
 And know the God whom blindly they adore.

To This new World, *Britannia*, turn thy View;
 From Clime to Clime the pleasing Scene pursue;
 From the cold Pole-Star to the Burning Line,
 See what a Length of Continent is thine!
 Rul'd by thy Laws, protected by thy Arms,
 To Thee each fertile Region yields its Charms;
 With copious Fruits the rich Plantations smile,
 To freight thy Fleets, and bless their Parent Isle.
 Nor asks, tho' yet for Tributes unprepar'd,
 Thy last, thy youngest Child the least Regard:
 With nobler Products see thy *Georgia* teems!
 Chear'd with the genial Sun's director Beams.
 Here the wild Vine to Culture learns to yield,
 And purple Clusters ripen thro' the Field.
 Now bid thy Merchants bring their Wines no more,
 Or from th' *Iberian*, or the *Tuscan* Shore;
 No more they need th' *Hungarian* Vineyards drain,
 And *France* herself may drink her best *Champaign*.
 Behold at last, and in a subject Land,
 Nectar sufficient for thy large Demand;
 Delicious Nectar, pow'rful to improve
 Our hospitable Mirth, and social Love.

Hence Joys shall rise, unknown to former Times,
 And Spleen no more reproach our happy Climes,
 Ev'n jarring Factions shall their Feuds resign,
 And loyal Healths go round in *Georgian* Wine.

This for thy jovial Sons— Nor less the Care
 Of thy young Province to oblige the Fair:
 Here tend the Silkworm in the verdant Shade
 The frugal Matron, and the blooming Maid;
 Th' expiring Insect's curious Work resume,
 And wind Materials for the *British* Loom;
 Our Web to these shall all the Beauties owe,
 Which *Asia* boasts, and Eastern Pride can show;
 With skilful *Cbina's* richest Damasks vie,
 And emulate the Chint's alluring Dye.
 When This shall lend its tributary Grace
 To each sweet Form, and each Angelick Face;
 When thus adorn'd our Nymphs shall shine compleat,
 What Eyes must dazzle, and what Hearts must beat!
 Admiring Strangers that in Crowds resort,
 To view the Splendor of our Birth-Day Court,
 Shall own was never so Majestick seen,
 As in her home-wrought Silks, the *British* QUEEN:
 And when each Princess of her high-born Race,
 Whom all her Mother's Charms and Virtues grace,
 Shall see some Monarch, her appointed Spouse,
 Confess her Chains, and breathe his ardent Vows,

Thy

Thy Product, Georgia, shall her Conquest aid,
 And add new Lustre to the Royal Maid.
 Thus, O ye Guardian Pow'rs! still thus maintain
 The steady Tenor of your GEORGE'S Reign;
 And let th' admiring World One Sovereign know,
 Of Good all studious, and without a Foe;
 With such high Worth let Him the Age adorn,
 And call forth other Nations yet unborn;
 Still by new Colonies enjoy the Stores
 Of other Climates, and remoter Shores;
 And see unenvy'd his Domains increase,
 The Work of Wisdom, and the Gifts of Peace.



**T O M O C H A C H I
A N O D E**

*Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus & frater: sic fortis Hetruria crevit,
Scilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.*

WHAT Stranger's this? and from what Region far?

This wond'rous Form, majestic to behold?
Uncloath'd, but arm'd offensive for the War,
In hoary Age and wise Experience old?
His Limbs, inur'd to Hardiness and Toil,
His strong large Limbs, what mighty Sinews brace!
Whilst Truth sincere, and artless Virtue smile
In the expressive Features of his Face.
His bold free Aspect speaks the inward Mind,
Aw'd by no slavish Fear, from no vile Passion blind.

Erst in our Isle, with such an Air and Mien,
Whilst Britain's Glory stood in Times of Yore,
Might some redoubted Chief of hers be seen,
In all his painted Pride, upon the Shore.
Or He, who graceful from the Chariot's Height,
When conqu'ring Julius landed from the Main,
Urg'd his confederated Tribes to fight
For gen'rous Freedom, fierce Cassibelan;

Or

Or He, whose Fame, in *Roman* Annals told;
Must live thro' ev'ry Age, *Caractacus* the Bold.

From the wide Western Continent of Land,

Where yet uncultivated Nature reigns,

Where the huge Forests undiminish'd stand,

Nor Towns nor Castles grace the naked Plains;

From That new World undaunted he pursues

To our fam'd Nation his advent'rous Way;

His Soul elated high with glorious Views,

Our Strength, our Arts, our Manners to survey;

The boasted *European* Skill to find,

And bear triumphant home, and civilize his Kind.

And, O the idle impotent Disdain

Of vulgar Error, partial to decide!

Must He be stil'd by Us a Savage Man?

O the blind Folly of conceited Pride!

Ever by Reason's equal Dictates sway'd,

Conscious of each great Impulse in the Soul,

And all his Words, and all his Actions weigh'd

By unaffected Wisdom's just Controul,

Must He be rank'd in an inferior Place,

In our inglorious Times, to our degenerate Race!

And Ope'ners of His own! Alas!

Alas! brave *Indian*, good old *England's* Fame
 Thou seest sunk down from its Meridian Height;
 The noble Ardors now no more inflame,
 Of conscious Worth, and Honour's dear Delight;
 As then, when welcom'd to your happy Shore,
 Our Fleets first landed from the watry Way,
 And each strange Region studious to explore
 Pass'd the long Gulf, and vast *Pacific* Sea;
 And round emerging to the Eastern Main,
 Maintain'd from Sun to Sun their *Gloriana's* Reign,
 Wealth without End, from such Exploits as These,
 Crown'd our large Commerce, and extended Sway;
 And hence, dissolv'd in soft luxurious Ease,
 Our ancient Virtue vanish'd soon away.
 Rare to be found is the old gen'rous Strain,
 So fam'd amongst us once for Patriot Zeal,
 Of try'd Good Faith, and Manners staunch and plain,
 And bold and active for their Country's Weal;
 Clear from all Stain, Superior to all Fear;
 Alas! few such as These, few *Oglethorpes* are here.
 Oft hast thou seen His gallant Spirit prov'd,
 His noble Scorn of Danger oft hast known,
 Admir'd his Wisdom, and his Candor lov'd,
 And Openness of Heart, so like thy own;

What

What time, at home before long lov'd and blest,
 He to Thy Country brought his Godlike Aim,
 Born as he is, to succour the Distrest,
 The Prey from proud Oppression to reclaim,
 Of lawless Might to curb the impious Rage,
 And strike with conscious Shame the prostituted Age.

Oft hast thou seen with what assiduous Care
 His own young Infant Colony he rears;
 Like a fond Parent anxious to prepare
 His tender Offspring for maturer Years.
 To Love of Labour he subdues their Minds,
 And forms their Morals with instructive Laws,
 By Principle their solid Union binds,
 And Zeal that only heeds the Public Cause;
 Still with Example strength'ning Reason's Call,
 Still by superior Toil distinguish'd from them all.

Whate'er of Empire underneath the Sun
 Time thro' revolving Ages has survey'd,
 First from such manly Discipline begun,
 And Merit summon'd Fortune to its Aid.
 And hence, when op'ning Scenes of Fate make known
 The long-determin'd Purpose of the Skies,
 Shall GEORGIA, to a mighty Nation grown,
 In Arts, and Arms, and glorious Actions rise,

And

And stand renown'd upon the Western Shore,
 Ev'n then, when *Europe's* Fame shall cease, and be no
 [more.

Renown'd shall **GEORGIA** stand its own short Hour,
 For soon must all that's Human pass away;
 Fix'd are the gradual Dates of Earthly Pow'r,
 To rise, to grow, to flourish, and decay:
 Still the Effect must follow from the Cause,
 And every Work of mortal Men must fall,
 And Kingdoms change by Nature's stated Laws,
 For ever round the habitable Ball:
 All must, in turn, the self-same Tenor run;
 All rais'd by honest Toil, by Licence all undone.

But sacred Virtue, ever self-sustain'd,
 Whilst all things fleeting round her she surveys,
 Alone to Time shall unobnoxious stand,
 And live and flourish in perpetual Praise.
 Thine with thy **OGLETHORPE's** fair Fame shall last,
 Together to Eternity consign'd,
 In the immortal Roll of Heroes plac'd,
 The mighty Benefactors of Mankind: [we know
 Those Heav'n-born Souls, from whose high Worth
 The Deity himself best imag'd Here below.



A Copy of VERSES on
Mr. OGLETHORPE'S Second Voyage to
G E O R G I A.

----- *Miro properabat amore.*

OF Heart so dauntless, of such firm Good-will,
So brave, so true, can OGLETHORPE lie still?
No, see he spreads again his active Sails!
Flow smooth ye Seas, and kindly blow ye Gales;
And thou, fair Bark, of such a Charge possessest,
The Hopes and Fears of many an anxious Breast,
Go, to thy Port the quickest Passage force,
Go, steer for OGLETHORPE the steadiest Course:
And so be ever thine the richest Prize,
So spare thee Oceans, and so guide thee Skies,
As thou shalt bear him safe to *Georgia's* Strand,
And give the Father to his Infant Land.

And You who wond'ring breathe in Southern Air,
Plants of his Hand, and Children of his Care,

E

Suspend

Suspend awhile, suspend your needful Toil,
 Withhold the Plowshare from the Maiden Soil;
 Let the loud Ax forbear the reverend Wood,
 And Pines stand one Day more where long they stood;
 Half prun'd the Vine along the Poplar crawl,
 And half unwound lie by the Silken Ball:
 Behold who comes! and sure, in such a Cause,
 Ev'n Need may halt, and Industry may pause.
 See once again, see on your Shore descend
 Your gen'rous Leader, your unweary'd Friend!
 No Storm, or Chance his Vessel thither drives,
 No, to secure and bless you, He arrives.
 To Heav'n the Praise, to Him your Homage pay,
 And let remotest Times respect the Day.

He comes, whose Life, while absent from your View,
 Was one continu'd Ministry for You;
 For You were laid out all his Pains and Art,
 Won ev'ry Will, and soften'd ev'ry Heart.
 With what Paternal Joy shall He relate,
 How views its Mother Isle your little State!
 How aids the Senate, how the Nation loves,
 How GEORGE protects, and CAROLINE approves!

Think, while he strove your distant Coast to gain,
 How oft he sigh'd, and chid the tedious Main;
 Impatient to survey by Culture grac'd,
 Your dreary Woodland, and your rugged Waste;

Fair were the Scenes he feign'd, the Prospects fair,
 And sure, ye *Georgians*, all he feign'd are there.
 Ere yet he prints your Sand, his eager Eye
 Descries the sinking Wild, and opening Sky;
 Sees Fields and Meads far stretching from the Shore,
 And meets the Ancient Horror there no more.
 A thousand Pleasures crowd into his Breast;
 But one, one mighty Thought absorbs the rest,
 And gives me Heaven to see, the Patriot cries,
 Another *Britain* in the Desert rise!

F I N I S.



Fair were the scenes that met the eye
 And thus the day was spent in joy
 Ere yet he felt the power of love
 Detain his footsteps from the shore
 Soe fields and woods were all around
 And none the less the heart was bound
 A changed Pleasure now the heart did find
 But one the night the heart did find
 And give the heart the heart did find
 Another heart the heart did find